Goe I to fight: Truth, hath a quiet breast.
Rich. Farewell, my Lord, securely I espie
Vertue with valour, couched in thine eye:
Order the tryall Marshall, and begin.
Mar. *Harry* of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby
Receive thy Lance, and heaven defend thy right.
Bul. Strong as a Towre in hope, I cry, Amen.
Mar. Goe beare this Lance to *Thomas* D. of Norfolke,
1 *Har.* *Harry* of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Stands here for God, his Soveraigne, and himselfe,
On paine to be found false and recreant,
To prove the Duke of Norfolke, *Thomas Mowbray*,
A Traytor to his God, his King, and him,
And dares him to set forwards to the fight.
2. *Har.* Here standeth *Tho. Mowbray* Duke of Norfolke
On paine to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himselfe, and to approve
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his Soveraigne, and to him disloyall:
Courageously, and with a free desire,
Attending but the signall to begin. *A charge sounded.*
Mar. Sound Trumpets, and set forward Combatants.
Stay, the King hath throwne his Warder downe.
Rich. Let them lay by their Helmets and their Speares,
And both returne backe to their Chaires againe:
Withdraw with us, and let the Trumpets sound,
While we returne these Dukes, what we decree.
A long flourish.

Draw neere and list
What with our councell we have done.
For that our Kingdomes earth should not be soyld
With that deare blood which it hath fostered,
And for our eyes doe hate the dire aspect
Of civill wounds plough'd up with neyghbours swords,
Which so rouz'd up with boystrous untun'd drummes,
With harsh resounding Trumpets dreadfull bray,
And grating shocke of wrathfull yron Armes,
Might from our quiet Confines fright faire Peace,

And

And make us wade even in our kindreds blood:
Therefore, we banish you our Territories.
You Cosin Hereford, upon paine of death,
Till twice five Summers have enrich'd our fields,
Shall not regreet our faire Dominions,
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.
Bul. Your will be done: this must my comfort be
That Sunne that warmes you here shall shine on me:
And those his golden beames to you here lent,
Shall poynt on me, and gilde my banishment.
Rich. Norfolke: for thee remaines a heavier doome
Which I with some unwillingnesse pronounce,
The sly slow houres shall not determinate
The dateles limit of thy deare exile:
The hopeles word, of never to returne,
Breathe against thee, upon paine of life.
Mow. A heavy sentence my most Soveraigne Liege
And all unlook'd for from your Highnesse mouth:
A deerer merit, not so deepe a maime,
As to be cast forth in the common ayre
Have I deserved at your Highnesse hands.
The Language I have learn'd these forty yeares
(My native English) now I must forgoe,
And now my tongues use is to me no more,
Then an unstringed Vyoll, or a Harpe,
Or like a cunning Instrument cas'd up,
Or being open, put into his hands
That knowes no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you have engaol'd my tongue
Doubly purcullist with my teeth and lips,
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance,
Is made my gaoler to attend on me:
I am too old to fawne upon a Nurse,
To farre in yeares to be a pupill now:
What is thy sentence then, but speechlesse death,
Which robs my tongue from breatheing native breath?
Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate,
After our sentence, plaining comes too late.

M